

[Opening skit]

FREEZE, POLICE!! (What are you doing?!)

On the floor, ON THE FLOOR NOW

{On your stomach, get on your stomach, on your stomach!}

{ON YOUR STOMACH!} {*gunshots*}

[Verse 1: Paris]

Yo, they got up out the squad car

Jaws hard, jar heads, they want us all dead

Walkin' up to the door, they all saw red

It's one local detective, the rest is all feds

Kick the do' down, ripped the whole house up

Grandmama asked what's wrong and got her mouth cut

The lead fed grabbed her by the throat, threw her up against the wall

And told her they won't leave without drugs

With no just cause, just cause

Had her tied up in her own closet wearin' just drawers

Pants down, standin' 'round sweatin' and laughin'

And high-fivin' each other like, "That's what's up dawg!"

Until a blizzard of bullets blew some nuts off

One by one they run but got gunned off

Her grandson was only five but he saw the whole thang from the stairs

And managed to make the gun cough

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"

Let the police cars blow up

It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much

Of the blame gettin' thrown on us

And politicians bodies go numb from going dumb

So what?

[Verse 2: Paris]

Yeah, another visit from the social worker

She know her kids ain't supposed to know this dope and murder

He know her kids ain't supposed to notice dope and murder

So he let her keep 'em in exchange for some social service

And every week's the same, he gets so nervous

They snort coke, then she let him hit it 'til it hurt it

Typically, that's the end of the date

She swallows his pride, the kids can stay

She ain't mentioned he the reason why the baby in her stomach got her tummy out
When she did, he froze up and dummied out
Took her food stamps, put him in his book
Walked away then she screamed out "Hey!" and caught a left hook
That's when the hollow tip hot one let his chest cook
Shortened every breath took; her young son
Mean muggin' handcuffed as they took him away
Said "Momma you gon' be okay, so what?!"

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[Verse 3: Paris]

She was a proud mom, a G.I. Joe mom
Couldn't see they lied for war, she was all for it
Wavin flags, sportin tags with the yellow ribbons
And when she said he was a hero know she really meant it
'Til somebody showed her proof of the ruse
Took her to Guerrilla Funk dot com for the hard truth
Showed the motive and the profiteering from the mission
She got mad and wrote her congressman but he ain't listen
So she prayed everyday that they
Would pull the troops out the fray and they would be okay
All she had was her faith 'til the day the news
Came talkin 'bout that roadside bomb in Fallujah
And even though she thought she'd been through the worst
Mama walked into the closet, put the strap in her purse
And went first to the door of her congressman's home
Took his life 'fore takin her own, shoulda known

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